A Few Words About Clams.

The clam season, like the excursion season, is now at its height. From 150,000 to 200,000 clams are now sold in the Philadelphia market daily. Large as these figures appear, it is said that in New York City ten clams are sold to one here. Here the season ends when the oyster season begins, but in New York they are as much in demand in the fall and winter as in the other seasons. Dealers along Delaware avenue say that they have little or no sale for clams in the winter, while in New York they command a high price.

The clam is indigenous to the Atlantic coast from Cape May to Tuckerton, and in the Chesapeake Bay to Cherrystone, Back River and Chincoteague. Like their sister mollusk, the oyster, they are divided up into several varieties or grades. The coarsest is the mud clam or blue nose, which is dug out of the mud with tongs. Choicer ones are called sand clams, which are caught by men wading in shallow water and "feeling" them with their feet. The very best is the sod clam, which comes from Chincoteague. They are considered bigger, better, fatter and more tender than any of the hard-shell species. A "very pretty little clam," about half the size of those described, comes from Little Neck, in Chesapeake Bay. They are considered the choicest for "planting." They, on this account, command a higher price.

Soft-shell clams, the most delicate of their species, are exclusively an Eastern production. They are not inquired after in this section, and, owing to their soft shell, cannot be transported this distance. The shells are different from others, being longer, and the meat is said to be more delicate eating. Boston and other Eastern people consider them a great luxury. In the East River, New York, clams are gathered in deep water with rakes.

Clams are prepared for eating in various forms. Raw, the colored people are their greatest patrons. Made into soup, with potatoes, dough-balls, and occasionally flavored with onions, they form on attractive dish, and in this way they are more generally prepared. Clam chowder is a well-known restaurant dish. In their baked and roasted forms they are the most palatable. Indigestible as they are, prepared in any way, pickled clams may be said to assimilate about as quickly as a piece of well-hammered sole leather. —*Philadelphia Press.*

The Overflow Bug.

We lived in Fresno County two years, in the northeastern part, and in the foothills of the Sierra Nevada. It is hot and dry there; no trees and many rocks where we were; thermometer ranging from 96° to 108° for about three months. In June and July, when hottest and driest, the "overflow bug" filled the air between sunset and dark; you could not with safety open your mouth. They would light all over your clothes; they filled the houses, they swarmed on the table, in the milk, sugar, flour, bread, and everywhere there was a crevice to get through. Take a garment from the wall, and you could shake out a cupful. It was a veritable plague. In a shed where the boards had shrunk, and the cracks been battered, the spaces between the shrunken boards were packed full. They were flying for about two weeks, and then they disappeared mostly, or they did not fly much, but were hidden under papers, clothing, and every available place. In November, before the rains, they spread around but not to fly; make a light in the night, and you would see the floor nearly covered; lift up a rug and the floor under would be black, and they would go scuttling away for some other hiding. I had occasion to take up a floor board after they had apparently disappeared, stragglers excepted. The house was upon underpinning two feet or more from the ground. When the board was raised, there were the overflow bugs piled up against a piece of underpinning, making such a pile as a half bushel of grain would make. They were all through the foot-hills the same, and much the same in Los Angeles about Norfolk, but they did not fly much in the latter place. In Los Angeles they seemed to be worse before the "Santa Annas," a hot wind from the desert filling the air with sand; and though the chickens were ever so hungry for insects, they would not eat the overflow bugs. You send for a sack of meal, and when you open it you see a handful of overflow bugs; in the night you put up your hand to brush one from your face, and then you get up for soap and water to cleanse your hand. In the morning, if you put on garments without shaking, you get them quickly off and shake them.—*Cor. Nature.*

Scorpions.

It is wonderful that one doesn't hear more of scorpion stings, considering how abundant these pernicious insects are in nearly every tropical and sub-tropical country. They are fairly hardy, too, and will survive a much greater degree of cold than centipedes. One morning, when I had just returned from a voyage and was repacking and arranging some things in my bed room at the hotel in Southamptom, a lively, vigorous scorpion fell out of a schell upon my bare foot; luckily, it rolled off, and the carpet received the emphatic tap of his tail, which was intended as a delicate attention to myself. A bath sponge seems to be their favorite haunt, and it always behooves one to carefully examine that article before getting into one's tub in regions where these little pests abound. I think that over a dozen were killed in my cabin during one night—brought there, no doubt, in a box of Esperito Santo orchids from Panama. Cargoes of coir, bales of medicinal woods, bunches of banannas, and other fruits and vegetables in bulk, often introduce them on board vessels, and in old wooden vessels especially they will remain and colonize the bulkheads and interspaces. I got a nip once, and only once. Walking along the main deck of a steamer lying in Rio de Janeiro, loading up with coffee, being barefooted and in the dark, I trod, as I thought, on a piece of glass; but, drawing my foot up instinctively, I felt the tickling of a scorpion's feet on my heel. It seemed to have curled up after its tail. The local symptoms were about equal in intensity to the bite of a common viper or the sting of a maribunda, but with less constitutional derangement; the ulcer was a long time in healing, however. There is a ghastly story told of a gentleman in India, who, pulling on his boots one morning, felt a horrid prickly object in one of them. With great presence of mind, instead of withdrawing it, he forced his foot violently down and stamped on it furiously, though enduring exquisite agony in the process. But it was not a centipede, only a small blacking-brush left there by the careless servant. The Psylli of Pliny and other historians, as well as their modern descendants, who swallow live scorpions, and carry them in their caps next their shaven crowns, probably deprive them first of the means of doing harm, as they serve the venomous serpents which they juggle, by blunting their sting. It is, nevertheless, very easy to hold a scorpion, and possibly to handle them freely, when accustomed to them. See how some people can pull about wild rats, and bees, and ferrets without injury, though taking no apparent precaution. Manipulation of snakes, too, only requires a little observance of their weak points and respect for their prejudices, which one glides into insensibly by habit.—*London Field.*

Writer's Cramp.

This ailment consists mainly of spasms caused by excessive labor of the muscles of the hand, especially of the fingers. It is not confined to writers—as the name would imply—but persons are liable to it who are engaged in sewing, knitting, drawing, playing on the piano and in other employments which demand continuous use of the fingers and hands. Only those, however, seem to have a special tendency to it who are of nervous diathesis—have inherited an undue nervous sensitivenss.

Writing is a very complicated process, involving the harmonious action of several small muscles of the fingers, and a few of the hand and forearm. Some of these muscles draw the fingers toward each other; others draw them outward; still others turn the hand to the right or left. The spasms so act on these muscles as either to cause the thumb and forefinger to grasp the pen convulsively, or to twirl it on its axis, or to lift it suddenly from the paper. In the earlier stages of the disease there is a slight hardly noticed sensation of tension in the hand. If the trouble progresses, the hand becomes fatigued, and there is a tremor of the fingers; the formation of strokes becomes more and more difficult; the spasms and weakness increase, and the tension becomes painful, and may extend to the forearm, and even to the muscles of the shoulder and breast. In some patients neuralgic pains may be added. Rosenthal regards it as somewhat analogous to stuttering, and says it may be termed a "stuttering of the muscles."

The lighter forms connected with an impoverished condition of the blood (anæmia), dyspepsia, or over-exertion, may be arrested by rest of the hand and a tonic treatment of the system. The severer forms are incurable, though they may be helped by prolonged rest, and by whatever wil ltend to moderate the nervous excitability.—*Youth's Companion.*

New Districts for Wheat.

According to the *Farmer*, an extensive wheat-growing district is about to be opened up in India. The paper says: "The India office is lending its sanction just now to an enormous scheme for the reclamation of the waste lands of the Punjaub. The waters of the five rivers which give the name to that region flow wastefully away to the sea, leaving a large tract of desert land, some of which was once fertile, to be the home of nothing and nobody. Those same rivers are sufficient to make that same desert blossom as a rose. The work of cutting canals which would afford means both for navigation and irrigation would be enormous; but so far is it thought feasible that the India office has undertaken to use the canals, paying tolls for its transit, and to buy the irrigation water, undertaking on its own account to collect the water rent from the natives. Engineering experts declare that the special work can easily be done, and reports have been made to the India office which show that the land to be reclaimed has soil so rich in alluvial deposits from the Himalays that we may reasonably anticipate the time when a great region, now suffering only from want of water, will become the great wheat-bearing territory of India. Some portions of the great doab which it is proposed to reclaim—a doab of 50,000 square miles in extent—have undoubtedly been both inhabited and highly fertile in their day. In some places the canal is almost made, the unused bed of diverted rivers lying ready to be again filled with the life-giving stream; so that the earlier portion of the great work will be comparatively easy. But whether easy or hard the reclamation of 50,000 square miles of land in an overpopulated country, the irrigation of a tract so enormous in a country visited by famine, is a task the magnificence of which, from an engineering and from a political point of view, almost overweights the imagination.

A Wonderful Plant.

There is a plant in Ceylon that seems made to grow where no other green thing can. The curious thing about it is the way that it manages to scatter its seeds over the dry and desert places. The seeds grow in a round case, shaped like a dandelion's seed head, but much stronger and larger, being as big as a child's head. When they are ready to grow the boxes of seed get loose from the stalks; and the first strong breeze starts them off on the sand. Away they go like balls, scattering the ripe seeds on their path for miles, and wherever a seed falls it takes root and grows. If the ball comes to water it is so light that it floats easily, while the wind still carries it on. In this way the seeds are carried to the most barren shores, and begin the work of covering them with green. This curious plant is the water pink, called by the natives "The Great Beard of Rama."—*London World*

—A young man with one eye met a poorly clad and woe-begone girl on a wharf in Baltimore. He kindly asked her what was the matter. She hesitated, and then, being urged to speak out, said that a clairvoyant had told her to go to that spot at that time, to meet a one-eyed stranger, who would ask her to marry him, which she would consent to do, and long happiness would ensue for both. Of course he could not doubt her story, for was he not there with his single eye? He made the proposal of marriage, and next day the wedding was held.—*Philadelphia Press.*

PERSONAL AND IMPESONAL.

—There is a man named Hass living near Smithfield, Tenn., who is the father of twenty-one children, twenty of whom are girls. The mother of the children is a stout, robust woman.—*Chicago Times.*

—Nathaniel Baker, of Lawrence, Mass., is a man who has fought and bled for his country and doesn't want a pension. For conscience sake, he asks that his name be stricken from the pension list.

—Rev. Mr. Sharrard, a young preacher who went from Louisville, Ky., recently, to Colorado, has struck it rich in the Gunnison district in a mine worth $250,000. He still proclaims the greater riches of the gospel.—*N. Y. Sun.*

—A momentous question has just been decided in New York. Louise Montague, the $10,000 beauty, acknowledges that her rightful name is Laura Keyser. Without this fact the history of the country is incomplete.—*Chicago Herald.*

—An infant son of Mr. Ruel D. Hall, of New York, was recently named Blaine Chandler, and in recognition of the fact he has received a massive silver cup bearing the inscription: "Presented to Blaine Chandler Hall by James G. Blaine and William E. Chandler."—*Boston Post.*

—Few men possessed more genuine wit than did the late Arthur Gilman. He was educated at Dummer Academy, and whilst there boarded with Deacon Hale. At a gathering of the alumni of the institution some years since Mr. Gilman being called upon, gave the following toast: "To the memory of Deacon Daniel Hale. For forty years he was bored by boys, yet for forty years he took boys to board."—*St. Louis Globe.*

—The late Mrs. Frederick Douglass is said to have first met Mr. Douglass at a church in their native state, of the Baptist denomination, for which he had organized a choir of which he was leader. He soon became betrothed to her, but he vowed that he would never marry her a slave. Seizing his first opportunity he made his escape from bondage in 1838. Arriving in New York he notified her of his successful flight to liberty, and bade her join him as had been agreed. She came forthwith and they were immediately married.—*Chicago Journal.*

—The secret of Mrs. Langtry's beauty is out, for the lady recently told an American interviewer that she was the only girl in a family of seven children, and shared the out-of-door sports of six stout brothers. Most American ladies whose beauty has survived their thirtieth birthday can tell similar stories, and so can a few red-cheeked, bright-eyed women who, though past threescore, are daily getting more enjoyment and solid comfort out of life, at home and abroad, than their over-indulged daughters can ever hope to do.—*Boston Transcript.*

—Mrs. Garfield has received the silk dress presented to her by the Women's Silk Culture Association of Philadelphia, and has written to Mrs. John Lucas a letter in which she says: "The case of silk sent to me by the United States Women's Silk Culture Association is received. It is very beautiful, and, as a specimen of our home silk product, is of exceeding interest. For this I prize it; but more especially is it of value to me that it was bestowed as an expression of the love and reverent regard felt for General Garfield. By him this industry was regarded with interest from the time it was established, and this, one of its first fruits, shall be preserved both as an heirloom and as a memorial."—*N. Y. Post.*

"A LITTLE NONSENSE."

—The man that is born to be hanged will never be drowned, but it is best not to venture too far beyond your depth, young man, for all that.—*N. Y. Graphic.*

—There are eleven trust companies in New York City, and yet a man who wanted to get trusted for a ride on the street cars the other day was chucked off and had an arm broken.

—Three Chicago children have been arrested and fined for stealing twenty-five pillows. Those twenty-five pillows were from a summer hotel, and were found concealed in one of the boys' vest-pockets.—*Boston Transcript.*

"How far is it to Manayunk?" asked a weary Irishman, who was going there afoot. "Seven miles," was the reply. "Whom do you wish to see there?" "Faith it's myself I'd loik to see there," was the retort.—*Philadelphia Quiz.*

—"What's your name?" asked one little four-year-old miss of another. "I do declare!" replied the second little girl, "you are as inquisitive as grown peoples. They always asks es my name, where I got my new boots, and all such fings, until I'm almost as'amed of 'em."

—A young Englishman visited West Point recently, and, in company with a well-known officer there, admired the glorious sunset. "Isn't it magnificent?" exclaimed the West Pointer. "Yaas, it's very nice, you know," responded Johnnie Bull, "but don't you think it's rawther tawdry, you know."—*New York Commercial.*

—First Sovereign: "Whom do you vote for this time for sheriff?" Second Sovereign—"I never vote for sheriff." F. S.—"What, never?" S. S.—"No, never. You see, he might be called on to hang me some day, and then I would be placed in an exceedingly ridiculous light, for I would have voted for my own executioner."—*N. Y. Mail.*

—A minister was traveling along a country road in Scotland one day in winter, riding rather a long, lean horse, and he himself dressed in rather an odd-looking cap and large camlet cloak, when a gentleman came along, riding a fine horse, which "scared" at the preacher and his horse. "Well, sir," said the gentleman, "ye wud scare the vera deil, sir." "That's my business, sir," said the preacher.

—Translated from the *Omnibus*: Guest to the landlord—"Mr. Landlord, the box with toothpicks stands again not upon the table." Landlord—"Toothpicks there are with me not more." Guest—"Why then not?" Landlord—"Know you, in former times, then were the guests so cultured and stuck the toothpicks, after the use, again in the box. But nowadays takes every man one with. So much the business can't afford."

—A New York lady who decided that there were no mirrors in New York nice enough for her parlor, procured one from Paris, and was almost killed to discover that it was manufactured in America, and could have been bought on Broadway for $300 less.—*N. Y. Herald.*

A Typical Chicago Rag-Picker.

In the course of a tour among the very few who have been detained in the city by a mild rush of trade, a *Tribune* representative was given some inside history into a traffic of which little is known. Among the genial gentlemen encountered was one on Washington street who long has engaged in the business, and who, if he has not yet received it, should be awarded the medal for truthfulness among his kind. He has been quite successful in his business, and when he is heard for any length of time on the subject of his trade the auditor is not puzzled to account for his success.

According to the gentleman he is of Polish origin with a suggestion of Hebrew somewhere in his blood, he couldn't tell where exactly, but he had been assured that nobility figured largely in the make-up of his ancestors. He had left a pleasant but not agreeable home early in life and had emigrated to America determined to try his fortunes in a new land. His relatives soon learned that he was in New York, and they beseeched him to return home. He persisted, however, in wandering from his native heath, and about ten years ago he settled in Chicago, and without money or friends entered upon a career of which he was proud. He began operations as a rag-picker, he said, slaving from early morn until late at night through the highways and byways, principally byways, picking up everything that was of the slightest value in the shape of papers, rags and bottles. In the course of five years he had saved enough money to establish himself in the jobbing business, and he surrendered his route on the South Side to a less fortunate competitor. During these five years he had experiences, several of which he related that may not tax the credulty of the readers of the *Tribune*, but which the scribe was not altogether willing to swallow. He said that early one morning he was strolling as usual through the alley between Wabash Avenue and State, announcing his business in that peculiar manner that cannot easily be expressed in print, when his attention was suddenly attracted by a small pile of paper and offal near a stable-door. As was his wont he began putting the paper in the bag which he carried upon his shoulder. While thus engaged he discovered a peculiar seal upon a piece of paper that was folded much more symmetrically than any others of the pile. He knew nothing of the English language, but something told him that the paper was of more than ordinary value, and he concluded to save it out of the bag. He put it in his pocket, and it was not long before he forgot it. A few months later, as he was leaving his house on Fourteenth Street near Indiana Avenue, he was accosted by a respectably dressed man, who inquired of him where he picked rags. He informed him of his route, whereupon the man asked him if he had found a nice-looking paper with a red piece of wax upon it. At first he said he had not. Then he happened to think of the paper found near the stable, and he said he had found such a paper. Much rejoiced, the man said he would pay him well for the return of the same, but on further reflection he recalled the fact that on the previous day he had sold the old coat which he had worn at the time he found the paper along with a lot of old rags, many of which were in a much better state of preservation than the coat, to a State Street dealer. They went to the latter's shop immediately in search of the old coat, and had the good fortune to find it among a bag of rags that was being weighed preparatory to turning over to another dealer. Upon searching the pockets the paper was found. He could not remember exactly the importance of the paper, but he knew that it was a deed involving many thousands of dollars, and which if not found would have caused an interminable lawsuit. He was readily satisfied of the value of the paper when the man who was in search of it, and who said he was a lawyer, gave him a check for $1,000. At that time, he said, he would have been as well satisfied with ten dollars.

The same summer that this dealer in worthless articles had the above experience, he said, he found a portion of a linen shirt which had evidently been kicked around a stable for some time and then thrown into the alley, in which he found a diamond stud that a friend of his appraised at $2,200. After advertising it several times and securing no owner he disposed of the jewel for $2,000.—*Chicago Tribune.*

Stories of the Bar.

Perhaps they may recall the true anecdote of the old Boston lawyer who always returned to his office in Scollay's Building after an early tea, and remained till eleven, working by the light of three tallow candles, one of of which was stuck conspicuously in his window overlooking the square, that its beam might announce to any belated clients that he was still at his post. While working late one evening he was surprised by the hurried entrance of one of the most successful and respected merchants of the town, who seemed very nervous and breathless. "Ah!——," said he sinking into a chair, "you don't know how much relieved I feel to find you here. We had private advices, late this afternoon, that one of our heaviest creditors is going to suspend to-morrow morning. I have been searching high and low for a lawyer to get on the first attachment (under the old law,) and I had about come to the conclusion that I must wait my chance till to-morrow; but you can make out the writ at once." This was done, and from that moment —— had all the merchant's law business, and this fact soon brought him into prominence and fortune. Or they may have been struck with the happy experience of another old Boston lawyer (who it is said to have entered more cases for trial than any one before or since his time,) who invariably arrived at his office at 7:30 in the morning, and who on one occasion was called upon at that hour by the late A. T. Stewart, of New York, who told him that he had come to Boston to transact some law business, and had brought an introduction to three Boston lawyers; and as the other two could not be found, and as the matter needed immedate attention, he should be pleased if Mr.—— woulk take it in hand. This was done, and Mr. Stewart remained ——'s client until his death.—*Boston Advertiser.*

—A good thing to have, especially in hot weather—a cool million.

Errand Boy to Proprietor.

It is wonderful to what a height of business knowledge a young American lad will reach with a short experience. An errand boy of a few months' experience will talk more glibly of his "house" and its business operations than will any auctioneer of his wares. He will tell of the big sales, of the money being made, of how they "got away" with a rival house and of other important matters, in a manner calculated to impress one with the idea that what he doesn't know about business isn't worth knowing. He will use the house's letter paper for writing his notes, and proudly sign his name "with Little, Big & Co." He thus adds dignity to his request for picture cards, advertising photographs, etc. After the errand boy loses most of his knowledge, there may then remain a chance of future improvement.

Descending a little in the business scale, we come to the desk boy, who performs a variety of labors, from addressing wrappers and circulars, and abusing the telephone, up to collecting a few local accounts. While his knowledge of business is not quite so profound as that of the errand boy, he does not allow his light to be hid under a bushel by any means, but lets it shine, as it were, from a lofty hilltop. He will also speak patronizingly of his "house," and confidentially intimates that, if he should strike, the business of the firm would be brought to a standstill; but as he is treated mighty well, he will stick for a while longer.

Coming down another step in business abilities finds us on the level of the young man who acts as copyist or general scribe. While more modest in his claims than the preceding individual, he is by no means a side-light in the business firmament, but a star of the first magnitude. He has a perfected system of his own in relation to copying, by which errors are never possible, and his legal knowledge is not to be sneezed at, as he has written some most intricate contracts, which even a regular lawyer could not comprehend. In his business situation he compares himself to a central wheel, about which all else revolves.

On the next lower plane is found the salesman, who makes no public demonstration of his business capacity, but freezes to a customer with a pertinacity born of despair. He will give better bargains than any other man possibly can, for the trade which he holds in the hollow of his hand, as it were, is so large that he can sell goods closer than any other living individual. And in this limited sphere is displayed the business qualification of a salesman.

When we get down to the book-keeper or cashier, there is very little to say. Beyond a far-away, mystic look, which he bestows upon his acquaintances as though he was possessed of tremendous secrets, he holds himself in the obscurity befitting his minor position.

Last scene of all reveals the proprietor, who appears of too little importance to merit further notice.—*St. Louis Grocer.*

Hard and Soft Water.

You often hear of water for household purposes being called "hard" and "soft." The reason why some waters, especially spring water, are "hard" is owing to the mineral matters dissolved in them. Rain water is never "hard," because it is nearly free of solid matter. The reason you had such an uncomfortable wash and shave this morning at your friend's house was owing to the water being largely charged with lime and magnesia. When the soap is rubbed between the palms in water of this description, the stearic acid in the oil of the soap combines with the lime and magnesia, and forms compounds which the water cannot dissolve; and hence the provoking curdiness you observe. For the latter to be a perfect one, complete solution of the constituents of the soap must take place, and in pure water this would be the case. But some waters are permanently hard, while some are only temporarily so. Permanet hardness is caused when the water is charged with sulphate of lime and magnesia, and temporary hardness by carbonates of lime and magnesia. Pure water dissolves the sulphates, but not the carbonates. Then how do the carbonates come to be in the water at all? The reason is this: All natural waters, but especially spring and well water, contain more or less free carbonic acid gas in a state of absorption, and, when thus charged, are capable of dissolving the carbonates; but whenever this gas is expelled from the water, say by boiling it, the carbonates are at once deposited; and this accounts for the incrustation in the kettle; and when this takes place the water becomes quite soft. The boiling does not effect the sulphates to any degree in this way in water that is permanently "hard." Temporarily hard water can be made soft by more means than boiling alone. If a tubful of it at night be stirred up with a little "slacked" lime and allowed to settle, in the morning there will be a white deposit at the bottom of the tub, and the water will be found to be quite "soft," because the lime added will combine with the free carbonic acid gas in the water, and the whole of the carbonates will become deposited, in virtue of their insolubility in water without this gas. For drinking purposes, rain water, after being passed through a charcoal filter to remove the organic matter it contains, is the most wholesome for adults. The general objection is its tastelessness. A pinch of salt will remedy this. For the young, however, solid matter in the water, of the right kind, such as lime and magnesia, is good, as these go to build up the bony structures of the child.—*Chambers Journal.*

Getting Rid of Sheep-Killing Dogs.

This is the way a sound-headed Virginia farmer got rid of sheap-eating dogs, after having had twenty or more killed and worried, as reported by a contemporary. He piled the twenty dead sheep's carcasses in a heap, built a close rail fence about them, and smiled a quiet smile. The fence was made so as to form a sort of a half covering over the mutton, in shape like an Esquimaux hut, with a hole at the top, so that while any kind of a dog could run on the outside and jump in, no possible dog could ever jump out. The next morning the granger strolled out to the trap with a shot gun and killed the suspected cur. But he let the trap remain and repeated his strolls until he had shot 46 dogs, and our contemorary adds there is not now a bark to be heard in all the town.

OF GENERAL INTEREST.

—A Jersey veteran is claiming a pension and seventeen years' arrears on the ground of "chronic laziness, contracted in the army."—*N. Y. Sun.*

—There is a farmer in Ohio who has not sheared his sheep in five years because, as he claims, Providence intended the sheep to wear their wool.—*N. Y. Herald.*

—Twice as many men were lynched last year as were legally hung. Lynching is rapidly taking the place of base ball and other out-of-door sports.—*New Haven Register.*

—The oldest Freemason in Scotland is James Anderson, of Kilryth, aged nine-eight, who, says the Glasgow *Herald*, has been connected with Freemasonry for fully eighty years.

—Men lose some of their talents as they grow older. You never saw a boy in any scrape but he could give a plausible excuse for his course, but a man often finds himself stumped for an explanation. —*Boston Post.*

—Twelve hundred quarts of milk were upset on a Lackawanna county bridge the other day and spilled into a creek. The owners of the creek have dammed it up and think of laying a pipe line to Philadelphia.—*Philadelphia News.*

—There is a rich young man in Newport who does not belong to the Casino, who doesn't play polo, who never was on roller-skates, never owned a yacht, and never drove a four-in-hand. He must have made his money himself.—*N. Y. Mail.*

—As a matter of seasonable intelligence, it is reported that New Yorkers are making pepper out of old shoes roasted and ground fine. We had supposed that our pepper was pure, but this puts the fiery condiment on quite another footing.—*N. Y. Graphic.*

—There are 1,869 work people, male and female, who subsist in Paris by making personal decorations and habiliments for pet dogs or otherwise paying attention to the canine race. The trade done by them is estimated at a total of nearly 250,000 pounds sterling a year.

—When the Prince of Wales travels it takes a bigger trunk to carry his wardrobe than it does to transport that of his wife's. He has twenty-five different suits, and sometimes changes his wardrobe four times a day. Very few persons in this country suppose that the Prince was such a hard-worked man.—*Norristown Herald.*

—A woman that Mrs. Siddons was engaging as cook replied to the question, "Can you make pastry?" "Well, no, ma'am, not exactly, to say the very finest of pastry. I can make plain puddings and pies, but I am not a professed puff pastry cook, and I think it best to say so, as every one should stand upon their own bottom with fortitude and similarity, I think.

—Frankfort on-the-Main is said to be the wealthiest city in the world. Having a population of but about 100,000 there are reported 100 thereof as worth $4,000,000 to $8,000,000 each, and some 250 about $3,000,000. Frankfort is one of the great banking centers of the world. Its banking capital is estimated at $2,000,000,000, and of this the Rothschilds are said to own and control one-fourth.

—Aristarchi Bey says the name of Arabi is not to be pronounced as Arabi nor as Arabee, but as Arabi, with the accent on the middle syllable. The presumption of Mr. Aristarchi in attempting to dictate to the American people as to how they shall do their Egyptian pronunciation, deserves immediate rebuke. He had better go out and write a watering-place letter.—*Courier-Journal.*

—There is a pretty little touch of nature in one of Emerson's letters to Carlyle just published in England. "I have a new reason," wrote the American, "why I should not come to England—a blessed babe, named Ellen, almost three weeks old, a little fair, soft lump of contented humanity, incessantly sleeping, and with an air of incurious security that says she has come to stay, has come to be loved—which has nothing mean and quite piques me."

—Three French physicians in New York have a remedy for hydrophobia which they claim is infallible, and which consists in throwing the body into such a perspiration that the poison will be forced out of the system through the pores of the skin. They are so confident of its value that either one of them agrees to be bitten by a mad dog and undergo treatment by his associates, in order to prove its efficacy, provided a pecuniary reward is offered by the Government or by individuals for the test.—*N. Y. Times.*

Fred Grant's Fisticuffs.

Fred Grant was, during his four years' course at West Point, continually in hot water, on account of his pugilistic tendencies. He was a great favorite with the cadets, not because he was the President's son, for at West Point being a great man's son rather was against a cadet's popularity, but because he was good-natured, lively and accommodating. His fights with plebs were legion. The very first day that he entered camp he had a fight with a fellow pleb, who made a remark derogatory to young Grant's father. It happened in this wise: It was the Fourth of July, and the plebs were watching from the doors of their tents the evolutions of the cadet corps, when Grant's tent-mate made a remark to the effect that George Washington was the greatest general that ever lived. Grant said: "I think he was the greatest man who ever lived, but not so much of a general as father." "Pooh, pooh," retorted his tent-mate, "there is no more comparison between your father and George Washington than there is between a plucked hen and the American eagle." At this Grant struck him, and one of the hottest fights of that summer's camp occurred then and there. An officer appearing on the scene the affair was a draw. This was but the beginning of Grant's pugilistic career. He was thrashed beautifully once during his pleb camp for refusing to carry a bucket of water for a first-class man, and after a three years' course had transformed him into a first-class man, he in turn thrashed a pleb for refusing to perform a like service.—*Boston Herald.*

—A French scientist is trying to figure the weight of the world down to an exact ton or two.